I expected him to dash frighteenedly into the deep forest. But instead he just stood & watched us. Robt. was a bit frightened until I explained he wouldn't attack. We didn't move, then he gracefully leaped a fallen log and was gone. Up until then we hadn't realized the mosquitos were eating us by the dozens, one swat killing 6. So we tore back to tell the others of our sight & they had seen lots of them in the open green meadows where they go at night feed to the watering hole.

We're all quite chipper. Atmosphere sure makes a difference. I tried to make a sketch, Robt. waving the mosquit off but they got too much for me. Then I strolled into the lodgehou to write this up when a cowboy joined me & turned on the salestalk about taking a 5 hr. horseback ride into the canyon. I was vulnerable so he didn't have to work hard. He was most amusing. The others joined me to make a most appreciative audience for him. We asked if it were unusually hot. He said it was so hot a man came in this a.m. & reported the road filled with lizards each carrying a little stick under their arm so that when it got too hot they would climb up on their pole to cool their feet off. I do want to go riding so badly, but after a conference decided we would be down at the rim all to-morrow, 10 mi. & the next day I would take a 3 hr. ride at 6:30 a.m. to give me all day to rest up in. Many warnings of how sore I would be but it's my funeral. To bed about 9:30 under 5 blankets. They say they get a frost every night & I can believe it

July 9th

6:30 Up & to a huge breakfast of wheatcakes. My only regret is that the bigger my appetite gets, the bigger my portions get so I never can finish! Beautifully clear again, warm in the sun. We make more purchases of gifts wrapped to be sent home. This is apparently the eating place of the Rangers but they're older looking men than we have seen so far.

10 Headed for the Rim thru the same beautiful forrest meadow. Then occasionally to the left an incredible view thru the trees of color. We foot it down to Bright Angel Point. This is the most vast, most incomprehensible sight we have seen yet. To try and describe it would be a farce.

6 30 I'm back now at Angel Point. Since this morning we have seen the canyon from several different pts. following the Ranger guided Caravan. His lecture, tho not as charmingly rendered gave an interesting account

highest 8,801 ft. Imperial Pt.
Cape Royal
Far View Pt.
Wallhala Plateau
Enchantada Vista

of how this incredable place came to be. I have made 2 sketches both of which left me completely discouraged. It was just impossible to catch. I longed for my watercolors instead of my slow crayons, wishing I could catch the myriad changes of color as clouds drift by & as the sun sets bringing into sharp relief promontories, heretofor entirely unnoticed. As we sit here we discover many fossiles in the limestone which makes our balcony over the mile deep chasm. It seemed a little hard to believe that this was once under a vast sea. But here is actual proof! Clamshells every where you look. Its a bit scarey sitting here the wind blows in gusts & you know you're planted down solid but you sure don't feel so. But most of all its the colors, pure blue & violet shadows rich pinks, yellows, & oranges when the sun lights them. From there we went to the council fire. A

traffic cop type of Ranger gave
us a most amusing talk on the
relative size of the "hole" in the
ground. The Empire St. Bldg. would
not come up to the top of the 1st
canyon & 3 of them wouldn't tip
the top. Even the low looking mounds
way down there are taller than any
eastern mt. range. 8 billion yrs.
old. Then we came sleepily home
Adelle & I had saved some rolls
from supper which we sat up in bed
eating before lights out at
10 30

July 10th

6:30 Up & ready to make a
sketch only my crayons
are locked in the car. Robt
also up. We take a walk
across the meadow, count
rings on a felled tree, starving
Prent is now up too so we
go ahead to breakfast. The
others straggle in subject
to severe kidding. Adelle
9 30 & I then went to Hades
where we saddled up for
our 2-hr. ride.

3 15 Somehow the only chance
I have to write any more
is at the Canyon rim. It

seems to be the place where our party stays put long enough for me to get out my notebook. I take that back. After lunch I started writing but fell sound asleep on my bed until I was called to come on this side excursion. This is ~~the~~ Sublime Point, well named. We're looking about east and west, a clean sweep. The best view, we agree unanimously. You get a greater concept of its actual size. This is where I wish I had a movie camera to start way in back of me to the left & take continuously all the way around ~~to~~ in back of me to the right. There's a thunder shower brewing all around us making the panorama an even more interesting spectacle by the constant changes. The flashes of sunlight thru the clouds bring out in sharp relief the peaks & promontories constantly changing. The rain across the canyon is heading toward us so we head for the car. Century Plants blooming in profusion here.

On the way out here it was too bumpy to write, the dirt road winding all around the forest. Here & only here are the white tailed

Kaibab squirrels. We spied
& holding their white tails
proudly aloft like plumes.
Then in a slight clear, was posing
silently, was a magnificent
buck, his antlers spread out
at least a yd. By process
of elimination that means
the one we saw this a.m. was
a doe, the one Robt & I saw
night before last, a young buck
& the one going up Mesa Verde
a little fawn.

Which brings me back
to our horseback ride this
a.m. It was a grand ride
I got a big kick out of every
minute, & even tho I am
not sore, despite chiding
I am sorely scratched.
My horse, named Gone,
(With the Wind) must have
liked the close proximity
of trees which wasn't bad
until he headed for a dead
pine & before I knew it
scratched the whole length
of my arm. I felt very
foolish when Hades said
– ever think of pulling the
rein? This was R. & my
first lengthy ride on a
horse, trying to remember
all the things we had been
told about posting, knee
gripping etc. Hades kept

up for a constant stream of Western stories all of which I hope I can remember. Ex. The Rangers won't be having these trees much longer — Why, you say, 'cuz they're long enough now! But he did point out interesting things, the beautiful, graceful doe who lopped along ~~above~~ us on the hillside And the silently stealing coyote. He was much bigger than I had expected. He took us thru open leas, up dried stream beds, up & down rocky hillsides, over & thru much dead

trees. The fallen pines looking very much like fish sceletons. All in all a most delightful 2 hrs. When we arrived back at the cabins the others hadn't returned from their short ride in the car. So we paid our quarters & took very warm showers, an aspirin each & flopped on the bed. We were clean, rested, & hungry when they returned. It was after stuffing myself that I dozed away on my bed.

As I have been writing

thus bumping along, we just came around a curve to find a doe + spotted fawn who quickly ascended the hillside + into the deep forest. Such a beautiful sight. This forest is heavenly anyway. aspens gleaming like silver birches, as big as silver birches, looking just like silver birches We emerge from the forest with regret because tomorrow we be packing + into the hot desert. At the checking station at the entrance to the Pk. we reported our

sight of deer The Ranger took careful notation of place. Along this stretch of highway we have to be led by a pilot car where they are construction. Every time we have passed it has been this, sometimes waiting 30 min or so to be led.

Hungry enough to eat bar.

After dinner, Adelle + I have a infuriating game of our own invention ~~with~~ on the ping pong table. We bat it back + forth but can't touch it with our hands. A roaring fire going, music + my high score on Bagatelle 17.500

July 11th

6:30 - Boy, is it cold. We
lit our little wood burning
stoves & were glad of them
8:30 Loaded the covered wagon
and on our way. A clear
cloudless sky. Many
pleasant miles thru
thru Kaibab Forest. Saw
most beautiful bucks &
a doe that Robt. saw
1st. This has been a most
pleasant 2 days. The joy
of staying put without
having to rush. We can
appreciate the higher prices
when we realize that the
nearest RR station is

Utah
200 miles away. All gas
& supplies have to come that
far. Now we're descending
out of the rich forest into the
desert. A profusion of sage
& a few junipers clear the
view to the pink & purple
cliffs edging the horizon.
It's also getting warmer.
The brownish colored buttes
we pass along here are just
something to look at, whereas
if we had seen them before the
G.C. we would have been
quite impressed.
9:05 Entering Utah, more
construction over gravel
roads. On the whole, the